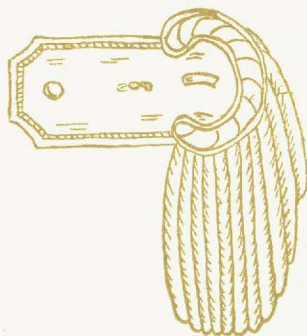
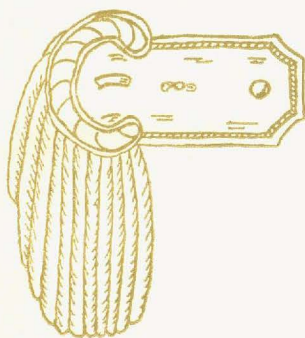


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



The EPAULET

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under the Guidance of The Modern Portias

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Mary Washington College

By

JAYNE ANDERSON

Forever may her colors wave,
Undaunted flame of truth.
Forever will we love her name,
A challenge to all youth.

We're proud of her progressiveness
And may she ever stand
A symbol of the highest aims,
A beacon light to man.

Live on! O Mary Washington,
Live on in liberty.
Your daughters ever pledge to you
Their highest loyalty.

REFRAIN :

Hail to Mary Washington!
Our praises ever ring.
We're proud of Mary Washington;
O! Hail to thee, we sing.



A Message From The Co-Editors

LAST year THE EPAULET, Mary Washington College's literary magazine, made its debut amid much applause and praise from student body and others. This year the editors and staff are striving to make THE EPAULET a bigger and better magazine—a magazine in which the student body—as future leaders of a new America—will uphold its idealistic and literary standards. Those on the staff of THE EPAULET realize that literature plays a great part in the life of man in acquiring a more diversified form of culture.

The co-editors wish to thank the student body for their literary and financial coöperation. However, in order to insure greater coöperative efficiency the staff wishes to state the following editorial policies: (1) All material must be signed; (2) the editors and Dr. Shankle reserve the right to change any article, whether it be in length, content, or wording, to make it conform to the literary standards of THE EPAULET; (3) the members of the staff and the director of publication respectfully urge every student to write and submit one or more articles for each issue; (4) every article must be original; (5) the editors make no promise to return unused material submitted; and (6) all articles must be received by the final date scheduled for accepting contributions for each forth-coming issue.

AN ADDRESS

*Given at the Alumnae Banquet Held in Seacobeck Hall, Mary Washington College,
June 7, 1941*

By

CLARA RICHARDS

Dear fellow alumnae, once more we meet!
What a pleasure it is for friends to greet.
Some of you have wandered away
And have not been heard of for many a day.
We are glad to have you back at home;
Now please from us again don't roam.
Come back to see us every year
And keep in touch with our college dear.

So now, we'll see who is present tonight—
Well, shall I start to the left or the right?
I'd like to say here and now that
When I call your name, please stand up and bow.
I think 'twould add a little grace
If we could see a smile upon your face.
I'll start with the faculty of the college.

For they're the ones who impart the knowledge
And give advice. Now look around.
A better group could not be found.
Stand up, Dr. Morgan L. Combs, so fine and tall,
Of college presidents, you're the best of all.
And then there's Mrs. Combs, his mate.
Both of them are just first rate.
Now Dr. Alvey's the next in line.

And speaking of deans, well he's just fine.
Is Mrs. Edward Alvey here tonight?
If so, she, too, is just all right.
Now, how about Dr. Roy S. Cook,
At him we would like to have a look.
I'm sure his loyal wife is here,
For when he's seen, she is usually near.

When work is over and we want some fun,
To Mrs. Charles Lake Bushnell we always run.
She keeps us in a social whirl
And plans such things as fit each girl.
And then there's Mrs. Ruff so neat,
For well-balanced meals she can't be beat.
Now, Dr. George Earlie Shankle, where are you?
To Mary Washington you're always true.

A better teacher could not be found
And when he's seen there are girls around.
Miss Nora Willis, I'm sure you must be here,
To every student you are just a dear.
Now if you like to dance and play
Miss Mildred Stewart will show you the best way.
If I called each one, you would get tired,
And as a speaker I might get fired.

So now, will all the rest please rise!
I'm sure that each one is a prize.
There's one that we must not forget —
It's Mrs. Blanche Chandler, who's with us yet.
She still is interested in this place,
Is loyal, charming and full of grace.
Well, friends, let's see who else is here
To enjoy this meeting held once a year.

The officers I'd like for you to know.
And speak to each before you go.
Our President you've met before,
But now let's look at her once more.
The past and present she's trying to link
And each of us should help her, I think.
Speaking of Presidents, now I'm the Vice
And really I think the job's quite nice.

Our Secretary writes all the letters
And sometimes even reproves the debtors.
Mrs. Payne, our Treasurer, collects the dues
And often sends us in some news.
All must know Miss Lillie Turman by name,
So now I want you to meet the same.
Mrs. Nannie Mae Williams plays a dual part;
She's the Registrar, with alumnae work at heart.

Miss Clara Boyd Wheeler, I'm sure you all must know,
She was our President one year ago;
She served us in the finest style
And made the Association something worth while.
Now, local chapters far and near,
We'll see how many of you are here.
Let's take the nearest one at hand.
Miss Alice Dew, the President, please stand.

Will all the members please join her now
And make a pretty and graceful bow.
So next we'll call on Richmond town,
I believe the President is Christine Brown.
Who else is here from Richmond City?
Many I hope. If not, what a pity!
The Washington chapter's next in line;
Mrs. Payne is the President so capable and fine.

All others, whether it be many or few,
Please rise; we want to see you, too.
Will all the others from that fair land
Stand up and let us give you a hand?
The last three chapters are down by the sea,
So, folks, let's see who they may be.
In Norfolk and Portsmouth Mrs. Abbit has charge.
I hope her membership is quite large.

Will she and all her members please rise?
And if they're many, we'll give a prize.
The Tidewater chapter includes many towns;
In fact, it almost has no bounds.
Newport News, Hampton and Buckroe Beach,
Hilton, Phoebus, and any others we can reach.
Miss Frances Smith, our President, is over there;
Now she has risen from her chair.

There must be others from Tidewater land;
If so, will you also stand?
I've heard there's a chapter on the Eastern Shore;
We know very little, but we would like to know more.
Rise up, Eastern Shoremen, and show your faces,
Even if you are from the smallest places.
I'm sure there are some who have been left out.
Will you please rise and clear the doubt?

I hope you have all had lots of fun;
Come back again next year each one,
And bring along a girl or two,
For, alumnae members, we are far too few.

Beloved Geraldine

By

EDNA RUBIN

BILL trudged wearily home: head hanging, eyes downcast, shoulders stooped. Six months before he had walked this same street eagerly: head high, eyes alight, and "I can-conquer-the-world" attitude. But six months before his beloved Geraldine had been waiting at home for him. And now, there was only a dead house. A house full of memories, and oh, yes, the child she had left behind.

The child. He quickened his steps, but as he neared the house his feet lagged once again. Seeing her would only remind him that his beloved Geraldine was dead. Dead. She had been so full of living and she had meant so much to him. Without her, he was just a shell of the man he had once been.

As he unlocked the door and walked into the hallway, there stood the child, her eyes afire with delight, her lips ready to tell him of the events of the day. He stared at her with unseeing eyes. Her eagerness faded, and without a word she turned and left him. Bill wanted to call her back, to take her on his knee, as had been his habit before; but he could not. All he could think of was his beloved Geraldine. She was gone; she was dead. All he had left was this child. This child who meant nothing to him now.

* * * * *

Six more months passed. Six more months of memories, and then one

evening while sitting in his office trying to persuade himself that he should go home, the telephone rang. Gratefully he lifted the receiver. Perhaps some business would detain him and he could postpone the going home a little longer.

"Hello!"

"Mr. Graham?"

"Yes."

"This is the police department. We had a small child here who said she was your daughter. One of our men found her trying to hitch-hike out of town."

"What!"

"We have sent her home after exacting a promise that she would not do it again. But I thought you should be informed."

"Thank you."

For a long moment he just sat there. His child, Geraldine's child, wouldn't, couldn't do anything like that. But she had. Why? Suddenly he sat up straight and squared his shoulders. There could be only one explanation. He had failed in his duty. He had left his child to her own devices without attempting to guide her on the right paths. Bill walked out of the office and home briskly. He had made the mistake of living in the past, now he must live in the future. His beloved Geraldine would want and expect that of him.

The Saddest Thing

By

SUE WALDER

You may talk of hopes all crushed and dead,
Of old sweethearts who never have wed,
Of tests that are flunked, grades that are bad,
Failing to get that money from Dad.
Finding that "the one" is not so true,
Various things may happen to you ;
You may get your feet wet, catch a cold,
Your stockings will run, your hair won't roll.
You eat up the food your mother has sent,
And wonder where your figure has "went !"
All these are bad, I will grant you that,
But one thing is worse, you bet your hat :
That's to open your mail box—and stare
With somber eyes at mail that isn't there.

Evening Thoughts

By

LOIS C. POWERS

In the hush and quiet of evening
When the day is nearly through,
When the shades of night come creeping,
And the sun's no more in view;
There is time to think a little
Of the things that you have done—
Things that might have help unburden
And bring joy and hope to one.

Let your life be food for others,
Strength for those who need a friend.
Let them know that there is always
One on whom they may depend.
There are many weak and weary,
Never knowing what to do.
You can help them in their sorrow,
So they may begin anew.

Some were born to be great leaders,
Others just to follow through.
If you find that God has given
Strength and greatness unto you,
Show Him your appreciation
By letting others from you gain.
Then your evening thought will whisper
That your day was not in vain.

Beau Brummel and the Prizefighter

By

NANCY CLAIRE WATKINS

A VERY capable and industrious Miss Simpson walked briskly into the office one fine spring morning, took off her coat and hat and removed the cover from her typewriter at the unfamiliar desk. She mentally rolled up her sleeves in preparation for tackling the world-shaking task of beginning a new job. No one would guess that behind that beautiful, efficient mask which Miss Alice Simpson wore lurked a feeling that always comes to one on her first day at a new job. Alice Simpson, however, felt she "had the world by the tail" and was determined to hold on to her new and much-needed job with all her might.

"Um, too pretty! Entirely too pretty!" said a rasping voice behind her.

Alice wheeled around to face a nondescript sort of person with the bearing of one of the lesser romantic figures of that class known collectively as "the white collar girls."

Very much puzzled, Alice asked, "Why, what do you mean? I don't understand."

"Sister, you won't last two months with this outfit! Those 'Miss Americas,' commonly known as American Beauties, never do."

"Why?" demanded Alice.

The "person" leaned nearer and in a stage whisper imparted the information. "'Old Baldy' in there (with a gesture toward the boss's sanctum) is a

pushover for beauty. 'Old Baldy' thinks beauty is a pushover for him and, when beauty doesn't 'push,' beauty gets fired." With this parting shot, the "person" left as quickly and as noiselessly as she had entered.

Alice found out later that the "person," whose real name was Miss Bam-berry, was not entirely wrong, for "Old Baldy," namely Mr. P. J. Anderson (P. J. always included), was definitely attracted to the charms of his new secretary. Mr. P. J. Anderson, in fact, forced his attentions on Miss Simpson in what he thought was an extremely subtle manner.

The whole office force was vitally interested in the proceedings which seemed heaven-sent to destroy the even boredom of their daily life; and they were extremely interested one day when they heard via "the grapevine" that Mr. P. J. Anderson had informed Miss Simpson that he wished to come up to her apartment to dictate some letters to her that night. The office force tittered—a likely story—because he offered as a further excuse the fact that it would be inconvenient for them to finish up at the office, as the vice-president had some pressing and important business that had to be attended to that night—with absolutely no interruptions.

So that is how it happened that Mr. P. J. Anderson rang the bell to Miss

Simpson's apartment promptly on the stroke of eight. When he entered the living room, a very domestic scene met his eyes. A curly-haired boy of about two and a half was sitting on the floor listening to the radio which was broadcasting an exciting account of the fight between "Cauliflower Bill" and Joe Lewis. The curly-haired infant would break the silence once in a while to yell, "Daddy's winning! Daddy's winning!"

The honorable P. J. Anderson was amazed. His world was clattering down around his ears. He was cruelly disillusioned! To think this beautiful creature was married! And so Mr. P. J. Anderson changed his mind about dictating his letters, and perhaps in the back of his mind he didn't relish the thought of meeting an irritated husband who was likewise a good prizefighter. Of course, he had run into this thing innocently enough. How was he to

know she was married? Why, she just didn't look the type! So Beau Brummel, like all wise men who have found themselves in the same situation, retreated!

Late that night, a triumphant Mrs. "Cauliflower Bill" Wilson rang the bell to Miss Simpson's apartment.

"Dear, how can I ever thank you for taking care of my boy! He's so crazy about you and loves to stay with you. You ought to get married and have children of your own!" she said.

"Maybe I will—some day," said Alice, "if I can get a man as sweet as your husband."

The next day Miss Simpson went to her permanent job with the firm of Mr. P. J. Anderson, secure in the knowledge that she was one "American Beauty" who no longer had to fear that she would be plucked.



With Autumn

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Leaves, like tears, begin to fall
 Now with Summer dead.
 And so it is when love has so
 Fleetingly fled,
 But let there be no weeping, though
 The pain be much to bear,
 For barren trees and hearts, too,
 Hold a loveliness we can share.

It Was A Lonely Night . . .

By

ROBERTA CHATKIN

"GOSH! but it's black out tonight." The high, squeaky voice could be immediately identified as belonging to Jerry.

"Yah, yah," teased Paul, "bet you're scared . . . baby! baby!" But though he made such remarks, he himself was careful to stick close to his buddies, Jerry and George. At this point, George, the oldest (being all of 12, whereas Jerry and Paul were but 10) and Paul's hero, motioned for them to stop talking.

And there it stood. Just a little further off down the path . . . the house . . . yes, the haunted house! How long the three of them stood there with mouths opened wide in wonderment and eyes wide with the curiosity that was mingled with their fright could not be determined, when George finally roused himself enough to say, "Come on! What are we waiting for?" And it was as if the house were a magnet that they could not pull away from. In a few minutes they were within a few feet of this broken-down house over which, it seemed, even the moon refused to cast any light.

"Ouch!"—that was Jerry as he stumbled over some debris that surrounded the house. "Sh——," cried George, "did you see it?"

"See what?" they echoed.

"The light . . . there it is again." Rubbing their eyes must have helped though for when they all looked up at

that window on the second floor, it was no longer there.

And Paul just had to prove to his hero that he was no fraidy-cat—so, he suggested, with an air of assumed bravado, which he really didn't feel at all, that they explore the inside.

It only took a few minutes of pulling at the rotting boards that covered the windows to the first floor before they were safely in. And then they heard it—the tap, tap, tap which came fast and then died out and then was heard again, louder and faster. Paul was ready to bolt, but Jerry just stood there paralyzed with fear. By the time Jerry was able to free himself from the grip of fright, the noise had stopped entirely and George had declared that he wasn't ready to go as yet.

But they agreed to keep their exploration confined to one floor and all three kept within hand's distance of each other as they stepped on the creaky floor. All was quiet—and with this silence Paul's courage returned.

"I betcha you wouldn't come up to the second floor with me" . . . but Jerry was too scared to allow any further teasing to torment him. George was agreeable, though, and so poor Jerry had to follow suit—he just couldn't stay downstairs by himself.

As they started up the stairs, the tapping noise that they had heard when they first entered the house began again.

"Gosh," whispered Jerry through his chattering teeth, "do we have to go on up?" But Paul and George were almost to the landing already. It was no use; they seemed determined to run into a ghost tonight. The noise became louder and louder, and the three of them suddenly became aware of the direction from which it came. The door to that room was closed; but from a crack under the door the boys caught a glimmer of light.

Crash! . . . and with the sound of that, the three turned as one and raced down the stairs, tripping so as to fall in a heap at the bottom.

"Who's there?"

They were rooted to the spot. Could

a ghost talk? This one did, if it was one. They couldn't speak. They were too frightened to open their eyes . . . it was coming down the stairs after them!

"Oh, I might have known it would be kids—ye gods!—can't a person find any solitude . . . anywhere?"

And so they looked up, one by one, in the direction of this voice.

Some five minutes later, three very deflated but thoroughly worn-out youngsters could be seen headed toward town. But tomorrow they would be heroes of the gang—for they had met a real author who must be crazy because he wrote mysteries in a "haunted" house.



Poet To Sage

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Sad reason, O student, for you to stay,
Self-confined with books this Autumn day,
Seeking inspiration from those yellow pages
Of long-famed poets and boring sages—
Far wiser, pallid friend, would you be
To penetrate Autumn's alluring mystery.

O fool you are with all your lore!
And less the sage than e'er before!

Futility

By

JANE BROADDUS TREVETT

The drone of the war bird fills the sky
As a thousand cannon and tanks roll by,
And the sons of our nation, a million strong,
March forth to battle, an eager throng.

Big guns rumble, fire flashes,
Bombed cities are left in ashes . . .
Farmlands and riverlets, once so bold,
Remain only craters and shell-torn holes.

Stifling gasses tense the air . . .
Dead and wounded are everywhere.
Surging billows hide daylight . . .
Guns roar on through a man-made night.

A patrol of boys, obeying command,
Are trapped in the blackness of "no-man's land."
But there's no fright in the face of one,
They seem almost glad the end is come.

* * * * *

The air is stilled, the firing ceased,
The living are breathing words of "Peace!"
And welcoming home from the battle's lark,
The broken in spirit, body, and heart.

And they honor those sons who dropped life's shield
And died with their "buddies" in Flander's field.
They are laid side by side beneath the ground
And a little white cross marks every mound.

And it was so thoughtless, so selfish, so small,
That little spark which started it all.
Who was at fault? . . . Why? . . . How? . . .
But then, what does it matter now?

Youth of today, oh, why can't you see
The horror of war's futility?
Why don't you think about praying and giving
Thanks for the bountiful blessing of living?

Nature Study

By

ROSEMARY FAIRBANK

A tiny brown sparrow,
Head tilted a bit
On a tiny brown branch
Had decided to sit.
The branch was quite brittle;
In fact, it was dead.
Oh well!

Some hungry bug had eaten all the green
And left a lacy pattern
Where a leaf had been.

Behold a Spanish Spider—
In colors bold and bright.
He greets the morning drowsily.
Señor's been up all night.

Here's a fly, pesty rascal, he,
Bothering and buzzing
Around my apple tree.

We Who Wait In Faith

By

NANCY CLAIRE WATKINS

IF one looked in the library window of Lord Beechan's English manor and saw his lordship and myself sitting before the crackling fire peacefully smoking our pipes, one would never believe that there was a war going on. The scene was peculiarly symbolic of England, a magnificent England deriving superhuman strength from her situation. Somehow, when I watched my old friend as he sat on his chair, I knew that he was fighting with his back to the wall, just like the country he loved so well.

Just to look at him, you would never know he had suffered the tortures of the damned. Only a father can understand the tragedy of unfulfilled hopes in a son. As we sat buried in our own thoughts, my mind went back over the years to the day his son, John, was born.

We were both leaning over the crib watching that little bundle of energetic humanity when Beechan said, "Angus, he's going to be a true son of England. I'm going to make of him a man of whom my country will be proud." It was a vow I knew he would do his best to keep, and I prayed silently that John would not let him down.

But John did let him down. As he grew older, he began to show characteristics peculiar to a coward and a weakling. I think Lord Beechan kept faith through John's adolescence, and it was only when his son reached the

age of twenty-two that he realized he had a struggle on his hands.

You see, John had always had a way with women. In fact, for this reason he was dishonorably expelled from Oxford when light was thrown on some ignominious affair he had with a woman.

In order to get him off to another start, Lord Beechan got him a position as secretary to the English consul in India; but John sowed his wild oats there with vim and vigor. He flirted with officers' wives, dined on rum and brandy, and finally murdered an Indian official. Needless to say, John came home in disgrace, faced a murder trial which found its way to the front pages of newspapers all over the world and nearly caused a diplomatic crisis.

A few years later London society rocked with the news of the engagement of John Beechan to Lady Jane Pierce. The beautiful Lady Jane, so London thought, was out of her mind to accept so irresponsible a suitor as John Beechan; but Jane loved John and Lord Beechan worshipped Jane for her devotion to his wayward son. If London society could register amazement, it certainly would have done so at the picture of wedded bliss the young Beechans presented to the world.

It takes bulldog courage for a man to hold on when all hope is dead, but Lord Beechan retained a tenacious faith in his son, even when John left his beautiful wife and sailed away to

America to live for two years a life which, thank heavens, none of us know anything about. Everyone gossiped about Lady Jane. "The very idea of her nursing her father-in-law through his illness after her husband, the man's son, had so brazenly gone off and left her. My dear, they say she still loves him, and is waiting until he makes up his mind to come back to her again. Can you imagine!"

And John did come back. Lord Beechan and I went to St. James that bright Sunday morning. It was a magnificent sermon—so hope-giving, now that England was traveling toward the turbulent whirlpool and war was inevitable. I will never forget the text, "Our nation is going to fight before the eyes of God and man for all that we hold so dear and right. England stands strong in her faith and in her ideals. Can God deprive us of our victory—we who wait in faith?" As the recession pealed forth, I thought of my dear friend, Lord Beechan who, like England, was waiting in faith for his son to prove his worth.

We walked out dazedly as one always does when the bare truth has struck one full in the face. I was the first who saw John. He had been sitting in the back of the church and was

now standing on the steps waiting for us. My friend, like all fathers, welcomed him home, disgraced and ruined though he was. "What magnificent love do they bear them!"

* * * * *

Now, here it was 1941 . . . and the young Lord John Beechan was out there somewhere in a muddy trench fighting—like all other Englishmen, whether they be rich or poor, good or bad—with his back to the wall for England's ideals and with England's faith.

I was aroused from my deep thoughts by the butler's entrance. He handed my friend a message. Lord Beechan's face was inscrutable, as he read, but when he handed me the paper to read I caught a light in his eyes so glowing and triumphant through the tears that I could not bear to look. The message read:

"Your son died magnificently today while leading a charge on the Siegfried Line with only a small regiment at his back. England is proud to claim such a son."

I heard again those words the bishop had spoken that Sunday in the Church of St. James: "Can God deprive us of our victory—we who wait in faith?"

Transformed

By

JUNE KRATOCHIRL

Be humble—that is what she said ;
And I—I laughed a mocking laugh
And shouted, “Don’t you even know
Humility is dead ?

The weak—oh, yes, they stoop, they bow,
But I will not, for I am strong.”
But she just smiled and answered me,
“I must show you, somehow,

That you are wrong, for humbleness
Is truly more than outward show.
It’s deep within. It’s part of you.
It’s like God’s own caress.”

And now, I know I have been wrong,
Humility is never dead.
My laughter’s gone. I know I’m weak.
But I—I will be strong.

Setting Sail

By

KAY McNAIR

HAVE you ever dreamed of a place where you might be free from worry and care, where you might find supreme peace? Of course you have, but possibly you have never found that place. . . . I know of a sailboat, a small but picturesque little vessel, which is taken out on a lake every day during the summer months. I am usually the sole occupant. Every hour I spend in this boat is to me a most precious one. What a glorious feeling it is to get away from it all, to watch the wind at first playfully tap on the sails, and then whisk the boat and me away in a breeze. It is fun to watch the little waves of the clear blue lake play tag across the water and lightly whip against the boat, as I glide along, scarcely feeling the cool air blowing across my face. . . . Perhaps you have found out why sailing is my favorite pastime.

Revenge

By

ELLA HASTINGS BANFORD

SHE held her dressing gown tightly about her as she moved quietly down the carpeted stairs and through the half-open door of the study. A lamp was burning. Her husband was writing rapidly at a dark mahogany desk. The luminous light fell on his immaculate uniform.

"Karl!"

He laid down his pen and turned abruptly.

"Karl, don't leave me again tonight!" Her voice was pleading, wistful.

"Madelon!"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say. It's your duty! But I tell you—I'm tired of working at the hospital every afternoon and of being alone every night!"

He stood and put his hands gently on her shoulders.

"We're all tired, Madelon."

"But surely you don't have to go back to headquarters again? It's been weeks and weeks, and you need rest!" Her eyes frantically searched his face where tiny grey lines were beginning to appear.

"We're at war, Madelon, and if working in an office is the most I can do for England, I'll do it—willingly. We must be thankful that actual bombing hasn't touched us—yet."

"Yes, I know, Karl. . . . But I never see you any more!"

"It isn't my wish, my dear."

"But every night!" Suddenly she broke away from him. "Why don't you tell me it's that woman? You can't fool me! You've been seeing her for weeks!"

"No, Madelon——"

"Why do you lie to me? You're in love with her!"

His face became a worn resemblance of what it once had been.

"You must believe me!"

"Oh, I hate you!" Sobbing wildly, she threw herself into a chair.

Without a word he left the room, limping slightly. The door slammed and there was silence.

Madelon gradually became calm. She stood up and moved to a window, and, as if in a dream, pressed her face to the cold pane. How long she remained there she did not know, her face a mask of white marble, her blue eyes piercing the heavy fog.

A slight sound disturbed her. She turned and faced a woman dressed in black, a single jewel resting high on her platinum head.

"How did you get in here?" she asked sharply.

The woman pointed to the door.

"I did not hear you."

"You were not listening," the woman replied with a slight accent.

"You are Beatrice Duval——"

"Yes."

"Why have you come?"

"I came to see Karl Barry's widow."

"What?"

"I came to see Karl Barry's widow," she repeated tonelessly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your husband is dead!"

"He isn't—he can't—he just left here!"

"I just left *him*!"

"You killed him, Beatrice Duval—you——"

"I should have killed him sooner!" And her voice rose like a sudden storm, trembling with fury.

"Stop!" Madelon cried.

"And now I'm going to kill *you*!"

Beatrice Duval drew a pistol from her gown and pressed it to Madelon's breast, her eyes dilated, her nostrils quivering, her breath coming in quick, asthmatic gasps. She pulled the trigger. There was a dull click. Nothing happened. She swayed forward.

Unconsciously, Madelon knocked her to the floor. She flew to Karl's desk, opened a drawer, and took out a revolver. She swung around as the woman was rising. One shot rang out! Another! and Beatrice Duval sank to the floor.

Madelon stood transfixed, gazing at the growing pool of warm red blood.

The door was flung open by two uniformed officers.

"I killed her!" she screamed. "I killed her!"

"Good God, it's Duval!" one of the officers shouted. He bent over the body.

"She killed my husband! . . ." Madelon let the revolver slip from her fingers as she grasped the desk for support.

"Your husband?——"

And then she saw Karl. Two bobbies were supporting him. There was a wet red stain on his left shoulder. His eyes were gleaming coals in a white face.

"Karl!" she cried shrilly. "Karl!" She swayed toward him.

"Darling——"

"You have a pretty cool head," one of the officers said, steadying her.

Madelon stared at him speechlessly. "But I murdered her! Aren't you going to——?" She caught Karl's eyes and stopped.

"We were not aware you discussed state matters with your wife, Major Barry."

"I hope you will forgive me, gentlemen."

"Under the circumstances." He turned to Madelon. "Mrs. Barry, tonight your husband presented the final evidence against Mrs. Duval. England will be proud to award you for removing a dangerous spy from her hands."

"Indeed," agreed the bobbies.

"Yes—yes, indeed," Madelon said dumbly.

Karl reached for her hand.

A Day In The Life of A Penny

By

DOROTHY JOHNSON

TO the majority of people, a penny has a decided lack of charm. A mere copper coin, similar to the millions of other copper coins which can be found throughout the country. And who would think it possible that this insignificant article could lead an exciting life?

"How can a penny lead an exciting life?"—this question would be raised by the many who would be inclined to scoff at the very idea of excitement's being synonymous with a penny. True, a penny does not spell excitement; but yet the small copper disc does not lead a life that is entirely devoid of pleasure. The dawn of each new day brings to it a new life and some new experiences.

Our penny first finds himself deep in the inky blackness of a man's pocket; he experiences a most unpleasant sensation of being trapped; he is rudely pushed about by the other jingling

coins. Suddenly, without warning, he feels himself being grasped and raised swiftly upward, but for only a brief moment does it experience the joy of freedom. After a too-brief glimpse of the sunlit world, it is again relegated to a gloomy darkness; but this darkness is one shared by thousands of other pennies—the drawer of a cash register. The penny felt crowded in the small compartment of the cash register; but soon the cash drawer was jerked open, and the penny found itself falling lower and lower until it reached the floor with a thud. Here it lay in complete isolation, and for hours was unnoticed, until it heard a joyful shout, and found itself grasped tightly in a moist and not-too-clean hand.

And in a similar manner, from day to day, and from place to place, the penny traveled through its adventurous life.

Peace

By

MARY MCCRANE

All is calm . . .
Silence reigns over all.
Candles are lighted.
Lights one at a time
Brighten the room.
The scuffling of feet disturb
This peace.
Benediction begins . . .
O Salutaris, Tantum Ergo,
And all is over.
The Chapel is empty . . .
I am alone
With God,
At last I find
Peace.

What Part Do the Women of America Have to Play in National Defense?

By

MARYBETH SPARKS

EVERYONE in America has his or her part to play in our national government's defense program. It is not only the men between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight, the ones being called daily for service in the army, navy, and marine corps, who have a job to do. Every school boy and girl, every man and every woman who is proud to be called an American, has a task to be performed. And it is only now, at this critical period in our country's development, that we are becoming fully conscious of how great a part of the responsibility for the success of the defense program rests on the shoulders of the so-called "weaker sex."

As some people still believe that "the woman's place is in the home," we will first consider just how the woman is vital to America's defense in her role of wife, mother, and housewife. To begin with, she is probably called upon to satisfactorily readjust her way of life because of the absence from home of the father of the family and the resultant loss of his financial aid in keeping the home together. It may be necessary for her to find work outside the home, at the same time that she manages the household, and even to become accustomed to a lower standard of living. Then, too, physicians all over

the country have been quite concerned on account of the large number of drafted men who have been unable to pass the army's physical examination. And, once again, it is the woman who is called upon to remedy the situation. Almost any current newspaper or magazine that you may pick up will have an article which points out the significant relationship that exists between well-balanced meals or proper diet and the success of the defense program. Far from the least of the difficult duties that falls to the part of the woman while fulfilling her capacities of wife and mother is that of holding the ideals of freedom and democracy before her family as a beacon that will guide them in all their actions. She must also serve as a source of inspiration and encouragement for every member of the family during these "times that try men's souls."

But what about the jobs outside the home that are being executed by women in the interest of defense? We all know of the Red Cross work which is being carried on by women. These women sew, knit, roll bandages, and, as a more modern phase of defense work, take courses in First Aid, automobile mechanics, and ambulance driving. Women are also taking men's places in the factories whose outputs

are the guns, ammunitions, and parachutes so eminently necessary to the defense of England and the Americas. They ferry bombers to Britain. And, not so long ago, they were called into service on the Atlantic coast to fill the vacancies left by filling station attendants who were called for army training.

All in all, it may be said that the American woman has a prodigious role to play in the defense of democracy and I think it may be added that she is discharging her responsibilities most adequately. She seems to have an aptitude for seeing where she is needed and the initiative necessary to fill the need.



Sunset

By

MARY McCRAVE

First she dons a creation of gold,
Then changes it to purple instead;
Her eyes light up as soon as she spies
A gray one streaked with red.
No wonder night comes hurrying on
Attired in his evening's best,
The stars for sparkling, shining studs
Adorn his midnight vest.

Passing Friends

By

LOIS C. POWERS

In my heart there is much
Which my lips can't seem to say.
It is filled to o'erflowing
With thoughts that in it sway.

For as a stream meets a stream
And it soon rushes on;
So a friend whom I met
Has said farewell and gone.

But when stream passes stream
Parts of each seem to remain;
So in life—friend meets friend,
And from one another gain.

Thus is life—ever moving;
Each friend gained, but never lost.
And I guess that's why I'm happy
That our paths have met and crossed.

Twenty - One

By

LOIS C. POWERS

At twenty-one we turn a page,
A new adventure to engage.
The new adventure yet unknown
Will in the future soon be shown.
What will this new fate hold in store?
Make your life full, each day hold more.

The past is but a book begun,
Just as the rising of the sun.
And as the dawn of a new day
Fades, and silently steals away,
The future, too, is soon the past;
Each day is nearer to the last.

Though twenty-one still seems so young
Your life is e'en now well begun.
So make the days and years ahead
A book quite worthy to be read,
Then when the final page is turned
A place in Heav'n you will have earned.

Smokey Slim

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

THERE was nothing peculiarly different about "Smokey Slim," except, perhaps, his *moniker*. He was typical of the hoboos and stew-bums that tramp the highways and haunt the railroad tracks of most any country. A true knight of the dusty road, he had ridden the rods from "Frisco" to Greenland, from Maine to California, and from Canada to Mexico.

I judged him to be about forty-five. A stubby growth covered his thin face. A ragged suit that in its initial days might have been a blue serge, hung limply upon his stooped frame. At this stage of its existence, however, nothing short of an archaeologist's decision could properly classify it. A faded, though surprisingly patchless shirt, the remnants of a felt hat, and shoes which, without a doubt, were the forerunners of the type now so popular among modern women everywhere, namely, the combination open toe and heelless variety, completed his habiliment.

Together we sat before a small fire partaking of the hoboos' only contribution to American cuisine, "Mulligan stew." Two years before, while in the wilds of Nebraska, I thought I had discovered the greatest chef of this unique nutriment in the person of "Jukey Joe." However, but one swallow of the stew Slim had concocted sufficed to make me fully aware of my fallacy. In justice to Smokey Slim, let me say that his skill in preparing that superb dish remains to this day unsurpassed.

It was when Slim reached over to refill my can with this famous soup that I noticed the silver medal he wore hung around his neck on a heavy piece of string.

"Slim," I asked, "what means that charm you got strung about your neck like a gal's locket? Didn't know you was superstitious."

Slim, who was in the middle of the second verse of one of the most familiar of hobo classics, "The Wabash Cannonball," stopped singing, fingered the small medal, and gingerly replied: "Oh, dat; dat's just somethin' that I—I found once't."

I could see that my perfectly innocent question had somehow changed Slim's hitherto happy mood, for he immediately became quiet. When I had to sing alone, the whole thirty-four verses of "The Girl in the Blue Velvet Band," a contemporary of "The Face on the Barroom Floor," I knew for a certainty that something had gone strangely amiss.

We put out the fire and lay on our backs, neither one of us making any attempt at conversation. For fully ten minutes, we lay thus gazing at the familiar stars overhead. Slim finally broke the silence.

"That medal," he began. But I hastily cut in.

"Aw, gee! Forget it, Slim. I didn't mean nothin'. It——"

"Naw, naw, it's O. K. I ain't mad." Slim waved his hand back and forth in

an impatient gesture as if to dismiss the idea. Then he said in a low voice:

"Ya see, that medal's kinda supernatural. I ain't niver tole nobody about it before case I been scairt they'd laugh at me. But ya look like a reg'lar fella and I kin see ya got some education. Been to high school, huh?"

I nodded my head in confirmation of this marvelous deduction, while at the same time I inwardly vowed to be a bit more careful. It wouldn't do at all to have my fellow hoboes guess that my education had extended beyond the grades. For the life of me, however, I couldn't understand how I had given myself away. The fact that the completion of my last book had necessitated a longer sojourn from the road than was usual, I at last decided, was the incriminating factor. Somehow, I must have grown rusty in my hobo diction and mannerisms.

At this point of my labored reasoning, an interrogative note in Slim's nasal voice commanded my attention.

"Seeing as how you've got some education, maybe you'd kinda help me figger somethin' out, huh?"

"Yeah, sure," I answered. "Shoot!" From the tone of Slim's voice I knew I was due for a long narrative. I sincerely hoped I could keep awake until he had finished, for I really liked the man, and naturally didn't want to hurt his feelings. Slim began his story:

"Well, it all happened three years ago—three years ago come next cotton pickin' time. I'd just pulled in Atlanta and was plenty broke, when I meets two guys from Philly. They tole me that some gent named Starr needed

help right away to pick his cotton. They tole me where the place was, but being as how it was kinda late, I decided I wouldn't go till next morning.

"I had already set my eyes on the place where I was gonna sleep that night. It was an empty field just back of an old warehouse. I picked me out a nice, soft spot under two big trees and laid down with my eyes closed.

"I was laying like that for maybe about ten minutes, thinking about just nothing, when I hears the grass kinda moving near me. I thinks to myself, 'Maybe it's some stray cat or dog.' I turns on my side to make sure. I opens my eyes kinda slow like. I tries to speak, but I'm so scairt my throat won't make no noise, 'cause honest, and I ain't lying, right there in front of me is the Lord, Himself. It's night, and it's dark, but He's got some sorta light shinin' all around Him. He smiles at me and I finds myself on my knees. Then He walks up to me and says, like this He says, 'Son, what's your name?'

"I guess maybe He was in an awful hurry 'cause He didn't wait for me to answer. He just disappeared, just like He ain't never comed. Not that I coulda tole Him my name, anyway. I was so scairt, I couldn't even swallow.

"Well, after He left, I got to thinking maybe I'd been seeing things. I sits down, 'cause I was still on my knees. I puts my head in my hands and tries to figger the whole thing out. Then I sees somethin' shinin' on the ground right near my foot. I picks it up and guess what it was?"

"Why, that little medal you got around your neck," I answered.

"Right. Now tell me what d'ya make of the whole thing. Was I seeing things or was it really God?"

"Slim," I said, after an unsuccessful attempt to stifle a yawn, "I'm afraid I ain't gonna be much help. Honest, Slim, I don't know. Maybe you was just seeing things and maybe it was the Lord, Himself. Honest, Slim, I don't know."

With an expert gesture, Slim swatted a mosquito that had settled on his bare arm.

"It's O. K.," he said. "I don't reckon maybe nobody kin know fer sure. Let's get us some shut-eye now. We gotta catch the 5:45 tomorrow."

We woke up next day just as the headlights of the freight car cut through the heavy grayness of early morning. I grabbed my jacket and Slim his hat, and we both leaped on board.

Slim left me at Petersburg, Va., but I remained on the freight until Raleigh, N. C. There I boarded the Silver Meteor and rode it till Charleston, S. C., my destination. That was five years ago. I never saw Slim again and, but for an incident which occurred last week, I might have completely forgotten his existence.

About five of us hoboes were gathered in a small abandoned shack on the outskirts of Denver, Col., keeping out of the pouring rain. We were seated on the squeaky floor in circle fashion, listening to "Boye O'brien" reading aloud the latest issue of a four-page hobo publication. He had finished the first page and was half through with the second when he read:

"Smokey Slim, born Fred James, died last week of pneumonia in Topeka, Kansas."

I was just about to emit an exclamation of surprise when the bo seated on my left yelled, "Hey, I know that guy. I mean I was with him when he died. Funny thing about the way he passed out."

At this point, he stopped speaking, scratched his head, looked at us, and satisfied that we were all listening, continued: "Yeah, six of us boys were standing 'round Slim. We all knowed he couldn't last much longer 'cause his breathing was getting bad. One of the boys asked him how he felt, but he never even answered. I don't think he heard a word. He just lay there with his eyes closed and his right hand clutching a little medal on his neck. Suddenly he opens his eyes. He don't look at any one of us, but stared straight ahead as if he's seeing someone or something right up there in the air. He smiles sorta like and drawls out, just like he was talking to somone,

"'My name is Smokey Slim, but just call me Slim.' Next, he closes his eyes again and, just like that, it's all over. He's dead!"

Then, because of my convenient location (I was seated on his right), he turned to me and in a puzzled tone asked, "Do you really think he was seeing someone up there in the air, someone we couldn't see?"

This time I had an answer. Slowly and in a sad voice, I replied, "Yeah, yeah—I reckon he was."

Why?

By

MILDRED FRANCISCO MACPHERSEN

Why do we hurt the ones we love
for some unworthy material gain?

Why do we fight and fuss and fume
for earthly things without an aim?

Why do we sit and stare and think
of the things that could have been done?

Why do we let our souls go when
our battles should have been won?

Why do we look from the darkness
and expect immediately the "great light"?

Why do we continually sin and do wrong
and expect others to do right?

Why do we always wait and wait for
all goods things to come our way?

Why do we sit and think only of the present
and expect all happiness to stay?

Here Comes The Mail

By

HELEN SAMPSON

POSTOFFICES have a funny effect on people. It's amazing how they can lift you up or let you down, and it's all the fault of the mail, or male, or both. Personally, I think that male would come closer to hitting the mark—or rather, the absence of that same male.

There are three main attitudes to take in trudging the long way to the postoffice. The first of these is the optimistic attitude, and if you take this one, you're asking for trouble and probably getting it. It's nice to have that lovely, broad step as you swing along to the postoffice, just visualizing that long letter with the most beautiful scrawly writing scraggling up one side and down the other. Oh yes, it's a nice feeling to be so confident, but you feel lower than an oyster bed if that old mail box is empty, or worse yet, has mail for some other glamorous gal. Then's the time you feel like writing a sob song about how "The Mail in My Box Belongs to Somebody Else." In other words, that's when you fairly crawl out of the door and creep down the walk slowly, miserably and definitely gloomily. Those are the days.

The second attitude is a somewhat safer one, but it's still not fool-proof; in fact, if you ask me, there just isn't any fool-proof attitude toward the postoffice. This is called the pessimistic at-

titude and works on the principle that you couldn't possibly feel any lower or bluer on coming out than on going in. I dare say it's a fairly good method—if you want to get a perpetual droop to your mouth and add some permanent wrinkles to your forehead. At least you can't be disappointed and you might get a very pleasant surprise with a Yale postmark or a sticker from Hampden-Sydney (the reference is personal, girls). With this attitude in full force, even a bill or a deficiency looks as welcome as a valentine—can it be possible? I might add a note of warning: if your empty mouth turns down a couple of inches and your eyes lose that interested look, it takes concentration (and some male) to bring it back again.

The third and last attitude that you can adopt is that neutral or "I really don't care" attitude. I'll admit that it has its possibilities if you can really maintain that neutrality positively and don't veer from your course. This way gives you all the advantages in the way of surprises without the disadvantages of distorted faces and minds. On the other hand, it must be a very dull attitude to assume. It certainly couldn't be interesting not to care what happens to your mail or male (there I go, getting tangled up again) and it positively isn't human nature. And if you don't care about male then you won't get excited over mail, you won't write mail. With

this in mind, you come to the inevitable conclusion that you won't get any mail. I repeat, it's all right if you're indif-

ferent—but then if you are indifferent what's the use of having a postoffice anyway?



Love

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Today I am brave
To face the light with quiet eyes
And though my heart is in endless pain
I hold a fitting disguise.

It is not God I fool, nor myself,
But others who need not know
Of this inner turmoil here—
And it is better so.

What Can It Be?

By

LOIS C. POWERS

I ask myself a million times
Just what you mean to me!
What makes this aching in my heart,
And tears. Oh, gosh! Oh, gee!
It can't be love, for I have said,
"In love I'll never be!"
And yet it seems each way I turn
It's just your face I see.
You stand and laugh, and as I pass
Your brown eyes smile at me.

I know, I'll run away and hide!
Away from love and you.
For at this rate I'll lose my mind,
And that will never do!
I'll run so hard and fast and far
That it will make you blue.
And there with no one to intrude
I'll start my life anew.
But I'm afraid 'fore very long
I'd run right back to you!

Forever November

By

CATHERINE MURPHY

November! The last beautiful attempt of a new year now curling
itself to a glorious but tired end.

A blaze of color and light! Nothing drab. Nothing dull. Everything
touched with tints of immeasurable loveliness.

The leaves swirl busily groundward like feathers making a pioneer
patch-work quilt for the spongy earth.

Wispy, soapsuds clouds race wildly across a cobalt blue sky, marking
time with a low, droning transport plane that gleams silver in the
pallid sun.

Weird whistles of cumbersome freight trains resound and re-echo
through a sprawling, painted valley.

Squirrels, with curiously grey-green fur, scampered briskly around
leafless trees, their tails quivering in irate annoyance.

Shy children squat on curbstones playing their infant game with fierce
intensity, oblivious of adult watchfulness.

A complacent turkey minces over dry, brown grass, foraging for some
stray beetle. A flighty sparrow mocks the gobbler's raucous cry
and then wings off.

This is the end! There is nothing now. Yet the world is too reluctant
to see it go and hangs on until the very last.

November! And peace . . . now in a great and glorious land.

All In A College Education

By

FAY FLETCHER and BETTY COLLINS

THE girls in the corner room of Westmoreland were just snapping off their light when the George Washington Hall chimes rang out eleven o'clock.

"Say! I'll bet that hall monitor is disappointed—we're in bed by light bell."

"Yeah, let's celebrate! But how?"

For a few minutes silence reigned except for the unrhythmical ticking of the several clocks in the room.

Then Joan rapped on the floor with the heel of her slipper. "Hear yez! Hear yez! The umpteenth bull session of room 442 Westmoreland is now called to order."

"Ah—" grunted Sue, "I do enough bulling in class. Besides, I'm sleepy."

But Joan was not discouraged and started off.

"I heard over the radio today that all waste paper was essential to national defense, and we are all asked to save all that we can. And I ask you how can we? Especially with Mrs. Bessket around. I was saving what we had in our wastebasket this morning when Mrs. Bessket came in checking and made me throw it out."

"Oh, you silly thing! But I did hear a good one today—you all remember Bozo who used to work down at Frank's, don't cha? I was talking to some one today who had Latin with him in high school."

"He! He! Imagine Bozo taking Latin."

"If you think that's funny, wait 'til you hear the rest. You know how kids are always playing pranks on Latin teachers—well, here is one that back-fired. The kids, all five of them, got together before class and decided to play train. It was so arranged that when Mary, one of the girls, raised her hand the other four would in a chorus imitate a train whistle.

"Latin class went on as usual at least by all outward appearances—each read his lesson until Mary gave the signal. No one ever knew what happened to the others, but poor Bozo did a solo 'whoo--oo-oo.' Incidentally he is still plotting revenge."

"You know what happened to me the other day?" asked Doris.

"I was over in the golf course struggling with my 'woodie,' for I have never been able to get a good drive off that first tee, and I was determined this once. I spaced my feet just so, and placed my hands just right. I know Miss Middleton would have been proud of that form had she seen it.

"Whish! I let go with all I had. It seemed a perfect drive until I heard a funny noise from the direction of the little woody dell. Gosh, I still feel awful!"

"What happened?" inquired Sue.

"Say—I thought you were sleepy."

"Never mind that, just tell me what happened."

"Oh, heavens! I blush to think about it—you know that darned old ball hit Dr. Herman right in the stomach. Still I say, how did I know he was sitting there."

"Speaking of embarrassing situations reminds me—you know how particular Mrs. Bessket is about girls receiving phone calls after eleven o'clock. Well, Kay Bouswell got a long distance the other night from her 'one and only.' It so happened that Kay answered the phone herself. Expecting Mrs. Bessket, however, she placed Wanita outside the booth as guard.

"Sure enough down the hall came dear Mother Bessket. Wanita had to do something, so she started off with:

"'Mrs. Bessket, Kay just got a long distance . . . from her brother-in-law.'

"'Why at this time of night?'

"'Her sister is expecting a baby and she has been waiting for the call all evening.'

"'Now, Dearie, isn't that nice?' commented Mrs. Bessket.

"At this point Kay stepped out of the booth.

"Mrs. Bessket was so excited that she just cries out, 'Was it a girl or a boy?'

"Kay, ignorant of Wanita's story, blurted out, 'a b-boy.'

"'Congratulations, Dearie.'"

That was too much. The suppressed giggles burst into loud guffaws which no doubt were heard for quite a distance because a threatening voice could be heard from below, "Stop that noise up there."

Then amid still louder convulsions of laughter the umpteenth bull session of room 442 Westmoreland was adjourned.



An Evening Reverie

By

DOROTHY TUCKER

Like a gentian's royal purple
Touched with a brush of gold
The evening sun is sinking
As another day grows old.

Soon the drape of evening
Over all the earth will spread
And many sparkling little stars
Will twinkle over head.

The earth will rest in quiet
Until the faintest ray
Awakes and shakes its sleepy head
To herald a new day.

To . . .

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

You laughed and there was music
As from the skies,
All at once, a symphony
Of twinkling orbs
Had struck the moon,
Blending each with each
In harmony.

Then you smiled and all the world
Became a place
Of deep tranquility.
The shining radiance of your eyes
Became a part of Autumn's universal painting,
Making immortal a beauty,
To come and go in season,
But not ever to forget.

Magic Wand Over Mary Washington

By

SUSIE WALDER

THE newest building on Mary Washington campus is the E. Lee Trinkle Library, named in honor of former Governor Trinkle of Virginia. The complete cost of this building with its equipment and furniture was over two hundred thousand dollars. Its total stack capacity provides for one hundred and fifty thousand volumes. The metal stacks consist of five tiers, running from the basement to the top floor at the rear of the building. In the stacks are twenty study recesses so that one doing intensive research may have a roomy desk to herself. The building has a large rotunda entrance. In the center of its terrazo floor, etched in bronze, is the seal of the college. In the library are also reserve book rooms and reference rooms; a periodical, browsing, and Virginiana room; a receiving room; offices, and a museum.

The entire building is equipped with beautiful Windsor chairs, walnut study tables, lounges, and fireplaces. The

rooms are lighted both by indirect lights and by unique chandeliers.

The library faces the driveway leading through the campus at a point almost opposite Madison Hall. A new brick walk has been laid on that side of the drive, beginning at the indoor swimming pool and extending to and beyond the library. In addition, one brick walk has been laid gently curving from the library down into the grove at the back, and another walk, from just beyond the swimming pool, curves around and down into the grove to meet the first walk. From their junction a third walk extends on down through the grove across the brook, where the rustic bridge used to be, and finally to the walkway along the drive near the sunken road entrance gates. A sunken garden is being built in the section enclosed by the curving walks between the swimming pool and the library. All this contributes to the beauty of the grove and gives a delightful place in which the students may sit or stroll and dream their cares away.



Ode To Hunger

By

VIRGINIA URBIN and LOTTIE BROCKWELL

Oh, raving, gnawing hunger! Why do you torment us so?
You disturb our thought and reason and leave us in utter woe.
Away with you, blighting hunger. On our shriveled stomachs loosen
your tightening grip,
Or else to the college shoppe immediately we must make a hurried trip.

The Art of Teaching

By

MARYBETH SPARKS

PERHAPS the reader may not think that teaching is one of the fine arts, but to me no fine art could require more skill, patience, or intelligence than does teaching.

Take, for instance, the skill required to teach Johnny. He never studied his lessons, would not answer a question if he could, and was ever alert to catch the teacher making a mistake. He was a precocious child, but applied all his efforts to activities other than learning his assignments. Johnny was certain that school existed for the sole purpose of enabling him to act the clown.

In order to cope with Johnny's antics, the teacher must develop the difficult skill of giving him the impression that her eyes were constantly on him while she was calling on other pupils, writing on the blackboard, and conducting the class in general. If she took her eyes off Johnny one minute, he would be sure to do something which would cause some disturbance. He just must be the center of attraction on all occasions!

Thinking that he would surely behave himself while he was reciting, the teacher called on Johnny to read a poem to the class. What did he do? He began with a mighty clearing of his throat which brought guffaws and giggles

from the other members of his class. When the laughter had subsided, he read the poem with such exaggerated intonations and such prolonged pauses at the end of each line that it was necessary for the teacher to read it over after he had finished. Finally the teacher decided that the only thing left to do with Johnny was to send him to the principal's office. After thanking the teacher for the privilege of going to the office, Johnny went merrily on his way. When he came out of the office, he had the most angelic smile on his face. The teacher was delighted and thought: "That is just what he needed. I regret that I had not sent him there long ago."

The class settled down to earnest work, but first one and then another of his fellow pupils gave Johnny a look which plainly said: "What on earth is wrong with you?" Johnny remained quiet for about ten minutes, then he could stand it no longer. He mustn't let his fellow pupils think that he was conquered. He must live up to his reputation as a rascal. *Bang!* Three books hit the floor at the same time; the teacher's head jerked up automatically, and Johnny was once more established in his rightful place. What artist could cope with Johnny?

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